

## Dinosaurs Of The Third Reich by orphan\_account

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**Relationships:** Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

The Nazi's are winning the war. Captain Mike Wheeler from Military Intelligence and a Russian Intelligence officer are assigned to stop or at least sabotage the Nazi efforts.

# 1. Mission Intros

## Author's Note:

Read that tags.

This one might have slower updates, because of research, but I already know the ending. Bonus points if you can guess it :)

The reason that the room was still dark was because it was four in the morning. He knew they had gotten him up on purpose at two in the morning, flew him out to Christ knew where, to keep him off balance. But it didn't work.

They didn't know that Mike was completely rested. Time didn't mean anything to Mike anymore... it hadn't for a long... time. He also knew that his old friend, Dustin Henderson, now a general in the U.S. Army did it on purpose. Even Dustin didn't know why Mike was as good at his job as he was. He *would* find out though.

Mike didn't think it was any coincidence that both his and General Henderson's old friend was the pilot that flew him to... wherever they were. Lucas was a Captain like Mike himself, but he could fly anything that could be flown. He *understood* flight. Rumour had it that he was once put in an experimental plane he didn't even know about it... and flew it better than any of the trained test pilots.

Mike knew, from his unsanctioned research that Lucas had flown everything from France's Aerocentre NC.130, to the UK's Youngman-Baynes High Lift VT789. Even the German prototype Akaflieg Berlin B9. Lucas had one of the Hirth HM 500 4-cylinder inverted in-line piston mounting brackets to prove it.

The other untalked about rumour was that he had actually flown a

craft from another world. That sounded so far out there, that Mike ignored it... but just barely. Mike would not have been the least bit surprised if Lucas himself could fly. No technology needed. So if he'd flown some kind of aircraft from another planet. He would have given him the benefit of the doubt.

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For some reason, Dustin was being very formal. It might have had something to do with the person standing in the even darker shadows in the already dark room. Mike admitted he felt really weird that the person was in the room. He couldn't put his finger on it. If it hadn't been for that mysterious figure, Dustin would have offered out cigars and a scotch.

Not this time.

"Captain Wheeler. Good to see you again. Of course you know Captain Sinclair. You guys have a seat."

"Cut to the chase, General." Lucas said, slightly annoyed. Lucas hated being formal in front of his friends, but this wasn't like the movies, military protocol demanded it.

"The fucking Nazi's are winning."

Mike and Lucas looked at each other.

"How are we just hearing about this for the first time?" Mike asked. He had a higher security clearance than Lucas did... not by much, but in the military, one level was enough.

"It's no secret their engineering is better. They have smart people... so do the Russians."

*Where did that come from?* Mike thought.

“Ok, how do you know they are winning?” Lucas asked the obvious question.

“We asked the Russians why they were having so many problems, they easily outnumber the Nazis ten to one. And then they asked for help. The Eastern Front is not going well for them. They even sent us someone to help us, help them... Miss.” Dustin looked at the person who stepped out of the shadows.

“May I present Yana Ivesenova. *Codename Mag* . ” [pronounced mawg] “Miss Ivesenova, this is Captain Mike Wheeler, *codename Paladin*. ”

Mike’s heart skipped a beat.

*Oh... she’s pretty. Those eyes... nice body too. I wonder who she had to fuck to get the rank of... what? ... in the Russian military? I don’t care... as long as she can do her job... whatever that is.*

“No rank?” Lucas asked.

“She’s GRU, technically subordinate to the KGB, but as we all know, Intelligence... officers outrank every other military division. Basically your Russian equivalent... Mike.”

Mike knew better than to express distaste at the sound of that... but Lucas didn’t.

“So... we are siding with the Russians now, Dustin?”

“If we want to win the war, *Captain Sinclair*. Then, yes we are. We will side with Canada, the UK, *anybody* that can put a Nazi in their grave.”

“Didn’t the GRU infiltrate the British nuclear program?” Mike asked.

In a very light Russian lilt, Miss Ivesenova, said, “Your captain is very well informed. I guess that is not a surprise if he is my *equivalent*.”

Mike noticed she said that with as much condescendence as she

could.

“Let’s get one thing straight Miss Ivesesnova. Your country wanted help. They apparently sent us the elitist of all the elite in the GRU with yourself. I know. Maybe you think American intelligence is something you’d scrape off your boot. But let me tell you something I guarantee you do *not* know. Mike has a 100% success rate in retrieving intelligence.”

“I doubt that very much... General.”

“You do? Ok, how’s this for starters: He knows you were brought up in a lab. In a small town called Hawkins, Indiana in the good ole U. S. of A.. He knows you escaped. He knows who your adopted father is. He knows your *real* name *and* , the one you prefer to go by which is just an experiment number. Eleven. And he knows you are double agent. What the US Government, me, or Mike here don’t know is. Whose fucking side are you on?”

“Oh for fuck’s sake. Who blew my cover?” Her hands were on her hips and she was fuming. “Who outside of this room knows about me?” Russian accent was totally gone.

“I knew it!” Lucas said.

“Like fuck you did, *Captain*.”

“Calm down. Nobody outside of this room knows it. I found out last week. I’m telling you that Mike is very, very, *very* good at what he does. We asked and he had the answer in hours. Not days. *Hours*. None of us know how he does it. But I’m also told that *you* are very, very, *very* good... and nobody knows how *you* do it. I think that’s a winning combination. Do you agree?”

“Fine.” She sounded totally disgusted.

“Well, now that you are truly pissed off, let me get this out of the way before I tell you what your mission is.” General Henderson tried not to look at Mike.

*Uh oh, I don’t think Miss however you pronounce that is not going to be the only one unhappy with what Dustin is going to hit us with.*

Mike knew it was going to be bad when Dustin went very Military formal.

“Captain Wheeler will be posing as a American Nazi sympathizer who wants to write a book about how great the *Thousand Year Reich* will be. Miss Ivesenova will be posing as his Russian Nazi sympathizer wife... his *very* loving wife.”

She gave Mike a half smirk, half smile, used her Russian accent to say, “I could do worse.”

The general wasn’t finished.

“The Nazi’s are suspicious and nosy. No way you two aren’t going to be watched. Probably filming everything you do. So make the simulated... or real, I don’t care... but make the sex look real. Dirty and real. Nod if you two understand what I mean.”

Both nodded. Mike spoke up, “If they are watching us, they aren’t looking at my typewriter, or our suitcases... I get it.”

“I’ll bet you do.” Miss Ivesenova winked.

*Shit. I think we are really going to end up having sex.*

There was a knock on the door.

“That will be Corporal Byers.”

The door opened and a short, smallish woman came in with an awkward looking case.

“It just arrived sir.” She put it down on a desk and left quickly.

Mike looked at Dustin. “That’s your typewriter... and your Telex. While you are ‘writing’ your book, you will be communicating with Corporal Byers. She reports directly to me. We stole a Telex from a Reichspost in Germany, she took it apart, we re-machined parts to be smaller. Work of genius if you ask me. Only one downside.”

“Okaaaaaay.” Mike said.

Obviously you need to hook it up to a phone line. Generic acoustic couplers are inside, *everything* looks like a typewriter part. But you have to open the case to get at them. Start thinking of clever ways to do that without being noticed. Taking it into the bathroom is not going to work. No phone lines there.”

“I’ll figure something out.” Mike said.

Lucas had been quiet during this, but he finally asked the obvious question.

“I know this might be a dumb question... but how are the Nazi’s winning... exactly?”

“Dinosaurs.” Miss Ivesenova said.

## 2. Mission Briefs

### Notes for the Chapter:

Mike sees a photo. Link at the end.

Lucas rolled his eyes, “Is she serious?”

“Show him.” Miss Ivesenova said.

General Henderson opened a folder on his desk and passed Mike the black and white photo.

“What the hell is that?” Lucas said.

“That is an Ankylosaurus Magniventris.” *Shit. That’s why I’m here. My mission successes aside, I’m gonna be the dinosaur expert.*

“Ok...” Lucas looked thoughtful... “and *how* do you know that?”

“Roary? Hello? Did you forget? This one has what looks like a mobile pillbox strapped to it’s back. It’s bigger than a tank. I can tell you that bony tail will take out a tank. This one looks more armoured than other textbook pictures I’ve seen.”

“Welcome to Operation Roary.” Dustin said, smiling at him. “With that, you three get the highest security clearances that can be given. Orders from President Roosevelt.”

“You aren’t seriously calling it that?” Mike said.

“No, that was a joke for Lucas, officially it’s called Project Bamboo, because this has to fast... like yesterday fast.”

Everyone in the room was in agreement. But only Mike and Miss Ivesenova were smiling.



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“Any questions Mike?”

“Where did they get dinosaurs from?”

“Miss Ivesenova?”

“Something called genetics. I won’t give you the history, an American biologist by the name of James Watson has been working with a British everything-ologist name Francis Crick. They are both on to something, but I think the Nazi’s beat them to it.”

“We already know about dinosaurs, Miss. Where did the Nazi’s get them?”

“Patience... Mike.” Mike felt funny when she used his first name. It was about the same time he noticed how round her breasts were.

“Nuclien, it was first called. Then Nucliec Acid, and eventual deoxyribonucleic acid, DNA. The two scientists I just mentioned think there is something going on, they are looking for the shape and composition of the molecule. Research shows all living species have it... and *have* had it for millions of years.”

“So the Nazi’s have... dinosaur DMA?” Mike asked.

“That’s N, d- *N-a*. Yes. Where they got it from is... well unimportant. The fact that they can use it is more important. From what I’ve read if you’ve mastered the DNA molecule you can change any aspect of the species that you got it from. That’s why that Anky-whatever looks like it has more bone armour. It does. Show him the next photo, General.”

The photo showed a nasty looking T.Rex with *usable* arms. Powerfully usable arms... with human hands on them.

“Oh... shit we are in trouble.”

“Exactly,” Dustin said.

“How do they do that?” Lucas asked.

“I’m an intelligence officer *Captain*. ”

General Henderson cleared his throat.”

“ *That* is what the two of them are going to find out. Mike and Yana are going to steal it. That’s the best case scenario. Then they are going to sabotage it. That’s second even if the first fails. Third they will stop it at all costs. If these two were anyone else I’d call it a suicide mission.”

“Shiiiiit.” Lucas said.

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“One of the luxuries of being a general is my own private bathroom. Each of you take your suitcase,” Dustin pointed at a dark corner, “...and in there and change. When you step out of that bathroom you are Mike and Yana Wheeler. Your official papers are in the suitcase. When you step out of this room, consider yourself under constant surveillance by the Nazi’s and probably the Russians. They like to keep tabs on their operatives.”

When Mike looked at his well worn wallet he saw the ID. Then he dropped it.

“Oops, clumsy me.”

XXXXXX

“Can I say something... um. Yana?”

“Call me El.”

“Short for Eleven. Ok, I get it.” Mike had a big smile on his face when he looked at the smile on hers.

“What is it you wanted to say?” She used the Russian accent she was good at.

“I want us to like each other.”

Her eyes went wide. She hadn't expected to hear that.

She nodded slowly. “Our very lives are in each other's hands... Mike, I like you already. I like smart, cute men, with nice tight buns.”

Mike turned red. But he had a comeback. “I like smart women with, pretty eyes. And nice tits.”

El broke out laughing. “Touché”

XXXXXX

“The General... Dustin, I know he's your friend. Your fondness for each other, even Lucas, was very obvious. You were trying to keep it formal for me. I understand that... I need to tell you something.”

Mike nodded. “I'm guessing that's why we are walking. No ears.”

“Hug me... then kiss me.”

As Mike moved in El said, "Let's find a place out of public view. I need to show you something." She gave him a quick kiss.

"Are you ok?" Mike asked. She looked like she was about to cry.

"That was my first kiss."

Mike sighed. "Yeah... mine too."

XXXXX

"Give me your hand."

They were in a dark alley. Mike took her hand.

And then she blinked.

XXXXX

Mike was a little disoriented. He found himself in what looked like a hotel room. El was still standing in front of him.

"The file didn't mention *what* your ability was. It's no wonder you are good at what you do."

"Ok, back to the alley. They need to see us walk into the hotel."

"Right."

XXXXXX

They held hands while they walked. “Are you going to tell me why *you* are so good at what you do?”

“Yeah, once we are in the hotel room again.”

“I might have forgotten to mention that I like men who are mysterious.”

“Did I mention I like women who had nice tits?”

“Yes, crude but a nice compliment taken in the right context.”

XXXXXX

“Your room is not quite ready yet. Would you like to sit at the bar and wait. Drinks of course are charged to the room.”

Mike looked at El.

*Quite a scam they have going. We were in that not quite ready room.*

“Of course. My publisher has me on a spending account.”

“Excellent,” the prissy-balding-what-kind-of-fucking-mustache-is-that, said.

XXXXXX

“What would you like?”

“I’ll have a Glenlivet.”

“Excellent choice, and you ma’am? What would you like?”

“A Slow Screw.”

“Of course...” The bartending didn’t bat an eye.

XXXXXX

“Do you know Pittman?” El asked Mike.

“Shorthand? Yes, I also know Gregg’s.”

“Ok, let’s get some napkins, and some pencils. We’ll use Pittman. A writer asking for a pen might be suspicious.”

XXXXXX

[This text is all in pencil in Pittman shorthand]

*Doodle over this when we are done.*

*Good idea.*

*You saw that guy at the end of the bar.*

*Yes. The only thing missing was his sign saying 'I'm a Nazi.'*

*And the woman? El continued to doodle as she drank.*

*Yeah. She was more concerned with him than with us.*

*She's GRU. We are going to have to give them a show tonight. You know that right.*

*I'm scared to death.*

*Me too Mike.*

*I'm scared I won't satisfy you. That won't look good.*

*I will tell you what to do if we need to.*

*Thanks El.*

*You'll be fine Mike.*

*The rest of their doodling covered up their communication.*

XXXXXX

Mike had to smile. The bartender picked up the phone. He could hear faintly "You have a nice looking man there with and a wife with big tits?"

The bartender said yes.

*Their room is ready.*

Mike leaned over and whispered into El's ear. "Our room is ready. Clerk at the desk and the bartender both know you have nice tits."

El was a little tipsy and laughed.

The bartender came over. "Sir? Madam? Your room is ready. Would you like drinks delivered?"

"Yes please. A bottle of that Glenlivet and a pitcher of... whatever that drink is for my wife."

"It shall be done."

XXXXX

El leaned into Mike's ear. "I wish we could talk... unsupervised. I have things I need to show you... and tell you."

"Let's go up to our room. I can make that happen."

"Mike. Don't patronize me. I know we are being watched."

"Look into my eyes."

El did.

"I can give you all you want. I promise."

El looked back and forth between his eyes.

"I believe you... make it happen."

**Notes for the Chapter:**



[https://www.reddit.com/r/THI/commenTs/ejsj9e/  
thanks\\_i\\_hate\\_the\\_trex\\_with\\_bigger\\_arms/](https://www.reddit.com/r/THI/commenTs/ejsj9e/thanks_i_hate_the_trex_with_bigger_arms/)

### 3. Soulmate Confessions

As they walked toward the front desk Mike said, “Ok, when we are in the hotel room, turn to me and give me a hug, in a position you know you can repeat. Ok?”

El smiled and winked. “I have something in mind.”

“I’m sure they needed time to bug or get a camera ready.”

“I know.” El said. “I really do need to show you a few things and tell you some... unheard and unwatched.”

“El... trust me. Ok?”

She looked into his eyes again while they waited for the desk clerk to get their key.

She believed him.

She had no idea how he was going to do it... but she believed him.

XXXXX

There was no one in the elevator with them, so they took the opportunity... assuming it was being surveilled... to kiss, Mike brought his hand up to her left breast to lightly massage it. He had ample flesh to work with, and managed to elicit a moan from her as he kissed her.

When they parted, her eyes sparkled. She played the part: “I can’t till we get in the room. I want you to fuck me. We can give each other head also. You want that? I want to taste you again You want to taste me too, lover?”

He tried very hard not to turn red. He covered it up by dropping his key and coughing so hard that El had to tap him on his back.

XXXXX

As soon as Mike locked the door behind them, El turned to him, pressed her whole body against him and kissed him. A very deep wet kiss.

Mike used his ability.

But he continued the kiss.

This time when the parted, Mike looked down.

“Is something wrong?” El asked?

“I’ve never been kissed like that before. It was... different than in the elevator... it felt more honest... like... like...”

“Like what Mike?”

Mike gave a deep sigh. “Like you actually loved me.”

She smiled at him. “I’m not an actress. There *was* feeling there... I... felt it from you too...”

Mike nodded. “Yeah, when all this is over... I feel like we could have a real relationship.”

El's eyes went wide. "Shhh. You can't talk like that if we are bugged, or filmed. They will use lip readers... does it seem quiet all of the sudden? ...and... dimmer?"

Mike smiled. "It's ok. You can talk freely now. You can do anything you want to. Um... I have an ability... it's not like yours, but it has kept me bully free, and very good at my job. I want to show you something."

They moved into the main area of the hotel room.

"Look at the clock."

El did, "Looks like 3:53."

"Ok. Come to the window with me."

She did, they stood side by side as Mike opened the drapes.

"What am I looking at?"

"The cars."

"Hmm, they aren't moving."

"That's right. Look at the people on the sidewalk."

Silence.

"They aren't moving. That couple down there look like they are in mid-step... Mike... what's happening?"

"I call it the Stop. I stop time... well... sort of Remember when you asked me if I knew Pittman's shorthand?"

"Yes, that was about half an hour ago. What do you mean sort of?"

"I didn't. Know Pittman's... I... stopped time. I went to the local library, and learned it over... about a week. It would have been quicker but I had to sleep... thankfully you didn't use shortforms because I'm not really good with those yet. I actually did know Gregg's so the learning was quicker."

She looked at him and smiled. “I *knew* there was something special about you. I call mine *Blink*. If I’ve seen a photo, or know the address. I can Bink there. I can take one person with me if I hold their hand. No problem. Two, I get a nosebleed. Three I get a bad headache. I’ve never tried more than that. Does yours have any limitations?”

“When I use the Stop, electricity doesn’t work. Neither does fire. Probably something going on at the atomic level, but,” Mike shrugged, “beyond my knowledge. Also light and sound seem to slow way down. That’s why it seems so quiet, and a little bit dimmer. Sound is slower than light, so that’s probably why we notice it more. Water still flows, you can move things around, but if you do that in front of people they will notice. You can’t really move people, they are almost like mannequins.”

“Nobody can hear or see us?”

Mike nodded. “We’ve been talking for a few minutes. Look at the clock.”

“It still says 3:53.”

“Our watches still keep time, but you will always have to readjust. I hate doing that on my Breitling... it’s the 765 model. I... um... saved a little girl’s life. Turns out her dad was a diplomat fairly high up. He asked me to name my reward. I refused, so he gave me the watch off his wrist.”

El smiled. “She was his daughter. You could have asked for anything.”

“I suppose. He could never give me what I really wanted.”

“What was that?”

Mike looked down, turned a little red, “I... um... would rather not say... changing the subject. Do you know how to do a clock search?”

“I’m GRU... but I’m not insulted,” she kissed him on the cheek.

“Ok, the mirror across from the bed is twelve o’clock. We’ll look behind it, then you work backwards from midnight, I’ll work

forwards, when we meet. We are done.”

“Let’s get to it.”

XXXXXX

By their watches they spent an hour doing the clock search. The room hadn’t been bugged, there were no secret cameras from any government to worry about.

“Mike. We need to talk about the elephant in the room.”

“I know.” Mike took a deep breath and released it as an even bigger sigh.

“When we are over in Nazi territory we can’t look like two fumbling teenagers trying to have to sex. We need to know each other’s bodies... intimately. You seem very reluctant to have sex with me?”

“I need to tell you something.”

XXXXXX

Mike told El that he could still hear her cries from the room next door. They invaded his nightmares, his dreams, almost every waking thought.

“Th... that was you? I thought I had a guardian angel.”

“El. I can’t remember anything before I was nine years old. I think I was drugged up the entire time. I first think of myself as *self-aware*

when I was about nine. My head was clear for the first time that I could remember. The very first thing I heard was you crying next door. I didn't think anything of leaving my room and going to you, but you were never there. I realize now that you probably Blinked away."

"I thought someone was coming to hurt me."

"Every time I heard you cry, I got up and tried to go to you to comfort you."

A lone tear trickled down El's cheek.

"One night I thought if I could someone stop time and catch you before you disappeared. Suddenly everything was silent and dim. I went to you next door. You were curled up in bed, so I crawled in behind you and put my arm around you. Told you it was ok."

"But I couldn't have heard you? Not then."

"That's right. I didn't mention this detail before but I don't really stop time. I just slow it down in a series of halves."

"Well eventually it would stop... wouldn't it?"

Mike took out a penny. He dropped it on the floor. "Move that penny half way between here and the wall. Just guess at half way mark."

El did.

"Now do it again. You'll see that if you were ten feet away. Next time it's five, then two point five feet. Then fifteen inches, then seven point five."

"Ah, It will never hit zero, at some point you'd need a precise instrument to move it half way again."

"Clever girl. That's what happens when I use The Stop."

"So when will that clock hit 3:54?"

"Good question, I stopped time for over a year once, my clock never

incremented. So... I crawled in behind you, and slowly sped time up to normal. You were half asleep, I told you not to be afraid, that I would find a way to escape and take you with me.”

“You told me that for months... I remember... but...You never did Mike.”

“I know... one night, Dr. Brennenstein, psychotic son of a bitch that he is... figured out what I could do. So he strapped me down. Must have been years.”

El wiped her eyes. “That’s when I heard your nightly crying.”

“I can use The Stop, but if I’m strapped down. I can’t do anything. You can Blink to get out of a situation like that. One day I woke up in the middle of the night. I felt the loose straps... I... I’m sorry, but I forgot about rescuing you. I used the Stop and got out of there.”

“My dad was there in hours Mike. You... sort of did rescue me. But... he didn’t adopt you like he did me. Where did you live?”

“Sinclair’s took me in.”

“ *Captain* Sinclair’s family?”

“Yeah, and they traded off with Dustin’s mom. She was actually running an adoption agency, found the Wheeler’s... here I am.”

“And that’s why you three are so close. You are practically brothers.”

Mike nodded.

“You saved my sanity Mike. Someone hugged me and told me not to be afraid... every night for months. Brennenstein lost interest in me. I couldn’t do what he wanted.”

“You couldn’t Blink back then?”

“I could. But he wanted me to be telekinetic.”

“What an idiot. No wonder the Nazi’s dropped him off over here.”



“Mike... we finally found each other... “

“I know El. I... I can't lose you again.”

“You won't lose me.”

XXXXX

“My turn.”

“Go ahead El.”

“Now I know why you won't... you still think of me as that girl don't you.”

“Yeah... I do..”

“It's ok Mike I'll show you what a woman who loves you can do for you.”

Mike was mostly purple this time.

XXXXX

“This is something General Henderson does *not* know.... Max Mayfield is my best friend. Almost a sister, my dad took her out of an abuse situation. She was smart , taught me so many things. School

stuff... girl stuff..." El turned pink, "...boy stuff."

Mike smiled at her. "I went to school with Max. Red hair... um... maybe a little bitchy at times."

"A *lot* bitchy at times... but I don't care... the Nazi's have her. She's a physicist, that's why. I'm not leaving without her."

"We don't leave anybody behind."

"It's not part of our mission Mike."

"Sometimes mission parameters have to change on the fly. Um... El, you know that we could do this... *all* of this... in the next five or ten minutes of real time right?"

"I know, but we need to establish an identity and... reputation over there."

"So that means sex. If I must... I must."

"That's the spirit Mike. Take off your clothes."

## 4. Sexy Missions Are My Favourite Kinds Of Missions

“Uh... you show me yours and I’ll show you mine.”

“I’m going to call your bluff Mike.”

She pulled off her black knit sweater, and shimmied out of her black skirt.

The first thing Mike saw was the knife strapped high up on the inside of her muscular thigh.

“Is that a Fairbairn-Sykes? Wait... didn’t the British War Office just issue those for commandos a few years ago?”

El rolled her eyes, and laughed. In her original English accent she said, “I’m almost naked in front of you and *that’s* the first thing you see? If a woman reaches down into her pants the man does *not* expect her to pull out a stiletto.”

“Wait... you’re English?”

“A female English commando playing a Russian GRU operative, posing as the wife of an American Nazi sympathizer. Yes.

“But...”

“Much longer story, but we were talking about the knife between my legs.”

Mike cleared his throat. “And of course, when you pull that out, it’s way too late. You stick it in straight right?”

“Yes. Severs the trachea, so he drowns in his own blood, cuts off his vocal chords so he can’t scream, Jugular and Carotid are... too messy, hard to hide arterial spray, then into his spine. He drops like a rock.”

“Ouch. Um... if it makes you feel better, I looked between your legs first. Uh... did you um... tape up your breasts?”

“Gaffer’s tape. It’s a staple for women in the GRU. Small or large breasts. You use it strictly for looks or utility.

“Looks?”

“Within limits I can change the shape or size of my cleavage.”

Mike blushed, cleared his throat, “It... uh... works. Doesn’t that hurt like hell when you take it off. Tape is... um... not kind to hair.”

“Well, thankfully Mike. I don’t have hairy breasts or nipples. My condolences if that’s the only naked women photographs you’ve seen.” She took off the tape easily. Her breasts did not sag one inch. “This just keeps them from moving around too much.”

“Um... sorry.” Mike could not look away from her breasts.

“You really have not been with a woman before have you?”

He looked down, shook his head... he couldn’t meet her eyes. “I don’t even want to know how many men you’ve had to bed.”

“I’m going to tell you... Zero.”

He looked up. “But... that means...”

“Yes Mike. We *both* are. That’s the exact reason why we need to be comfortable... that way... with each other.”

“Ok... I’m now having a hard time believing how much sense you are making... are all women like this?”

“All of them Mike. Beware.” She flashed an evil smile.

“Changing the subject... what kind of underwear is *that*?”

“It’s not underwear. It’s a French bikini bathing suit. The bottom half anyway. All the rage over there. It’s light and not binding and comes off very quick.” She pulled the tied strings on either side and it was off.

This time Mike covered his eyes. “Um... oh... uh...”

“No hair... Mike. Also the rage amongst the French upper class. To tell you the truth, I feel fresher with it. But I’m still going to shower first before you... taste me.”

Mike thought he was going to pass out.

XXXXXX

“Isn’t that illegal in every state?”

“Mike...” El said gently. “At one point everything is fu... um everything is illegal over here. Your government even made alcohol illegal, and now you have an organized crime problem. I’m sorry Mike, but your country’s citizens are stupid. They can’t think for themselves. Propaganda has them voting for people who are not good for your country. I’m not pointing fingers. The whole reason your country exists is because *my* country didn’t get that people didn’t like outrageous taxes.”

“But we fight for our respective countries anyway.”

“Yes, because the depravity going on with the Nazi’s has to be stopped. It *has* to, Mike.”

“I’ve only read reports. Obviously you’ve seen more atrocious things than I have.”

El was silent.

“El?”

“I’m sorry Mike. I wouldn’t wish this on anybody. But you are going to see them too.”

“Shit.”

“I want to taste you now Mike. Where do you want me?”

Mike looked over by the full length mirror at the end of the bed.

“Over there. On your knees.”

XXXXXX

“Are you ok?”

“This is what goes on in the bedroom of consenting adults... isn’t it?”

“Yes it is Mike. And there’s more.”

“More?”

“You’ve led a very sheltered life didn’t you... oh I’m sorry... I didn’t mean to embarrass you...” El said gently... “Obviously US intelligence does not consider Sexual Warfare as important as every *other* government in the world does.”

“Um... how do you know... um... this stuff?”

“Sex Manual.”

“Um...”

“Mike... believe me. This was my first try at what I’ve read.”

“I think you are a quick study. Ok... what’s next?”

“Missionary, doggy, then bum.”

“We have to... um... do all of them?”

“Yes.”

“You’re not like other girls.”

El laughed. “I’m going to take that as a compliment.”

“But after all this is done... all of it... we have to be...”

“Yes Mike. We are going to be together. As man and wife. And... after that Mike, we just pick what we like doing best. From now on we are sleeping in the same bed. You don’t need to restart... time. Let’s keep going, get a good night’s sleep. Then you can restart.”

XXXXXX

Mike couldn’t look at El when they were done.

“You ok... M... sweetie?”

“No.”

“You aren’t ashamed are you?”

Silence.

“Maybe Mrs. Sinclair and Mrs. Henderson were a little... too conservative in your sex education, but this was all normal, Mike. All of it. On top of all that you made me feel incredible. I’m almost embarrassed to say how many times. You are a very good lover.”

Mike shrugged.

“You *need* to be ok with this Mike. At least once, we are going to have to perform in front of a camera, it’s going to be much worse

don't worry, every copy of that film will come with us."

Mike looked up at her.

"You didn't think I'd let *anybody* else see that, did you? Both you and I have the ability to make sure nobody else doesn't., or at least can't re-watch it."

"When we are done with the war... do you want to settle down in Hawkins with me? ...as ...as my wife ...my *real* wife?"

"Yes."



## 5. Experiments and [REDACTED]

### Notes for the Chapter:

Some [REDACTED] material here.

El wanted to do one more experiment before Mike unstopped the Stop.

“I want to see if I can Blink while the Stop is active.”

“Ok... go ahead.”

El looked just a wee bit fuzzy, but then she held out her hand.

Mike looked at the coin in her hand. A 50 Reichspfennig. It had a swastika on it. “Where did you find that?”

“A cigarette vending machine at the airport in Berlin. Took me a few minutes.”

“What do you mean it took you a few minutes?”

El smiled, “While you were missing me when I was in Berlin, these last few minutes, I looked for change. I found it behind the vending machine. Along cigarette butts a used condom, assorted gum, and the distinct smell of urine.”

“You were only gone... *maybe* a half second.”

“Mike, it had to be almost twenty minutes... well my time.”

“Not here. You looked maybe a little faded as you blinked, and then you held out your hand.”

There they were again. The prettiest big round eyes in the world.

Looking at him in wonder.

“Mike,” El whispered suddenly looking paranoid now.

“Do you realize what this means?”

Mike nodded slowly.

XXXXX

SS-Untersturmführer James Dante handed the memo to his senior command SS-Oberführer SS-Hauptsturmführer Troy Walsh. “At your request Herr Walsh.”

*[The following has been transcribed from film, and to the Queen's English, as it was presented to Bletchely Park]*

*Prepared for:* [REDACTED] *by* SS-Oberführer [REDACTED]

*Juli 1943 at* [REDACTED]

*// Top Secret und Eyes Only //*

- *The following transcription has been taken from the surveillance film of [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] as they performed various illegal sex acts, as defined by [REDACTED].*

- *Due to the delicate nature of [REDACTED] work and the enthusiasm for it that has been shown by Der Fuhrer, it was allowed to continue without prosecution. Ours is not to question his decisions but to follow them.*

- *Obviously all Fremdenzimmer and Gastwirtschaft in the Rieschland will have surveillance equipment of the highest standard installed. This is a pro-active initiative ordered by Der Fuhrer himself.*

*[Transcription follows]*

“ [REDACTED] Mikkel, your [REDACTED] is huge and fills my [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] me harder.”

“You are a little [REDACTED]. You know that you [REDACTED]?”

“Pull my hair, while you [REDACTED] me like this. Ah [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] [REDACTED].”

“[REDACTED] over, so I can [REDACTED] your [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]”

“[REDACTED]”

“That’s right, [REDACTED] me.”

“[REDACTED] [REDACTED][REDACTED] [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]”

“I’m [REDACTED, Mien Gott I’m [REDACTED]”

XXXXXX

“What is this shit? It goes on for pages.” SS-Hauptsturmführer Walsh said, “Isn’t there film for this? I want to see it immediately.”

“Well, Sir they were at it all night. She is a Schlampe. He is obviously fully capable of servicing her. Neither you or I will ever see that film. Rumour has it, it was couriered to the Fuhrer almost immediately.”

“Scheisse.”

“Exactly Mein SS-Hauptsturmführer. Scheisse.”

SS-Hauptsturmführer Walsh, lowered his voice and said, “You are a man of means, you know things, you can... *get* things. How possibly would it be for you to get... let’s call it an archival copy of this film?”

Dante looked at Walsh. “I... *could* it would be very, *very* expensive, not only gold, but possibly lives involved. *Our* lives. If it’s the forbidden acts themselves you want to see, well, I can get plenty of

8mm film for your viewing pleasure.”

“Let me think on this.”

XXXXX

Mike Stopped time. “I’m going to be sick.” He ran to the bathroom of the Berlin hotel, locked the door, and puked his guts out.

El gave him the time he needed. She had to put a stop to it though when she heard the dry heaving. That wasn’t good.

She dressed quickly and went to the bathroom door. It was locked. She blinked.

“Really? Mike? A locked door.”

He looked up, but could not meet her eyes, a crooked, sheepish smile crossed his face. “I didn’t want you to see me like this.”

“I told you it would be bad...”

El waited until he had calmed down. When the tears started she was there, adding her own but, also adding a warm, loving hug at the same time.

El waited longer.

“Makes you want to kill Nazi’s doesn’t it?” She said.

“I am going to kill them *all*. Every last fucking one of those cunts.”

El was shocked at his language now, “We only need to k... take out the leaders, Mike.”

“No.” Mike finally looked up at her. The sheer hatred in his eyes scared her a little... but then she realized that it was because of her, and the feelings he had for her, that made him feel that way. “I... will understand... if you can no longer be with me after this mission... They are all doing to die El. Sorry, I have... a new mission.”

El looked at him... with love. *He's doing this for me. I know he is.*

“I think you have the skills to learn quickly... can I show you how to effectively kill someone?”

“With the Sykes?”

“Yes.”

XXXXX

Mike didn't tell El, but he actually had three missions. The first, obviously stop or cripple their dinosaur program. The second. Kill every last member of the SS. The third. Kill every last member of the Gestapo.

And the Nazi's were going to help him do it.

XXXXX

"Mike."

"Yes? El? What's on your mind."

"Honesty."

Mike looked down. "Ok, I guess you know."

"Mike... How could I not? It's all over Völkischer Beobachter, seems like SS and Gestapo high rankers are dropping like flies. They think there is an über commando who can move effortlessly and unseen within the ranks of their elite. Hitler is already rumoured to have gone to his bunker."

"There is."

"I know that, but now you are their top priority."

Mike shrugged.

"Can I ask how long you Stopped... without me?"

"Nazi's keep impeccable records. The list of all SS and Gestapo members was easy to get. Only took me... maybe two hours."

"Two hours without me?"

Mike nodded, looked down. He was already feeling the weight of those eyes.

"The assassinations?"

"Obviously your time they were instant. My time... a few hours."

"Without me?"

Mike hung head.

He wiped his eyes. "I overdid it. Didn't I? You no longer feel the same about me."

"I know why you did it Mike. I... actually feel good about that. I don't want you to bear the burden of those actions without me. Max

and I had a phrase and a... call it a concept... we liked to use. Friends Don't Lie."

"I'm more than a friend... aren't I?" Mike said.

"Exactly. So for the rest of the *official* mission, and for the rest of your personal vendetta for love." El smiled at him. "...you include me... ok?"

"Promise." El looked into his eyes and saw that he meant it. The truth from his heart showed in his eyes.

"Ok... we need to find Max now. The current environment is much too volatile for her to be in."

"Ok, we do this together from now on."

El smiled and kissed him. She saw the relief on his face and knew that all was good.



## 6. 65 Million Years

### Notes for the Chapter:

Gets a little preachy at the end. It's the mood I'm in.

“Stop talking Mike. You’re pissing me off.” General Henderson was talking to Mike but he was looking back and forth from El, Mike, Lucas, and Dr. Maxine Mayfield.

“I told you he wouldn’t believe us.” El said to Mike. She had a smirk on her face. She loved being right.

Lucas, between sneaking glances at Dr. Mayfield and looking like he had no idea what was going on, which was true, kept his mouth shut. He noticed that Max was trying to suppress a smile every time she caught him looking at her.

Dr. Maxine “Max” Mayfield felt uncomfortable. There was a camaraderie here that she wasn’t sure of but she had been listening to their arguing for the last few minutes and was now tired of it.

“General Henderson? May I speak?”

“No. You know nothing of military matters.” Dustin glared at her.

“You are right,” she nodded in agreement, “but you are ignorant of one important fact.”

“Oh? What’s that?” He was slightly perturbed, but interested in what she might say.”

“I don't give a shit. I’m here to tell you what happed, from my point of view only, and then I’m going to tell you how I’m going to save the world’s ass.”

“Are you interested? Good, then stop talking. You’re now pissing *me*

off.”

“You can’t talk to me that way. I’m a four star General in the Army of the United States of America.”

“And I’m a civilian. I out rank you every time. *You* work for *me*. Get that shit straight *Dustin*, or I walk out of here, and you and your stupid bullets can try and take down bigger and bigger dinosaurs.”

Nobody said anything.

“Are we clear? General?”

Dustin was silent.

“I said.” Max took a breath and then said very loudly, “ARE WE FUCKING CLEAR!”

Mike cringed, he waited for Dustin to go all military ballistic on her. Instead, he smiled. “Ok, *that’s* the Max I remember from highschool... Lucas... you are in way over your head.”

Max rolled her eyes. “Can I speak now?”

Everyone nodded.

XXXXX

“I’m going to assume you guys have not read, and consequently have no idea of what Hydrostatic Shock is. There was an article in *Popular Mechanics* last year on it. Most physicists have studied it and probably done experiment to prove or disprove the effect.”

“Effect?” Dustin said.

“You shoot somebody, what kills him?”

“Uh, the bullet?”

“Ok, but what does the bullet actually do? Makes a big hole that a bandaid’s not so good for, but bleeding out through that hole takes time. Most bullets kill right away. Why is that?”

“Let me guess... ‘ *hydrostatic shock*’.”

“Sure,” Dr. Mayfield said, “Let’s go with that. Take a rock, or a stick, hit the water with it. You see ripples. Basic physics. If you throw a rock at someone or hit them with a bat, it causes the same kind of ripples. Ok, usually that won’t kill them. Not enough kinetic energy... but a bullet... that has a ton of it that gets released. Those pressure waves do terrible things on a human body.”

“Isn’t this all theory?”

“Except for bullets killing people... sure. I based not only my Masters on it but my PHD, I successfully defended my masters. I’ve written papers... blah, blah, blah.”

“And peer reviewed?”

“Yes, and peer reviewed. The science is solid on this. It’s also what led me to my KMD device.”

“Shit... you’re gonna get math on me again.” Dustin said, rolling his eyes.

“Just the concepts, but I can tell. All you guys here are smart, you are all going to understand and get it.”

“Keep going.”

“Take a rock, throw it hard into the water. Look how far those ripples go. Sure, they diminish the farther away. Get up high, and then drop it or throw it in the water. Bigger ripples and they go farther. Whenever you put energy into an object or take it up higher, it gets what is called potential energy. If you drop it or let it continue on its journey, it releases that energy and the result is kinetic energy.”

“What if you never drop it?” Lucas said.

“Good question, it *keeps* that potential energy until you do. Lot’s of

machines based on that concept.”

“So if you put that object high enough, it can get a ton of potential energy and release that as a ton of kinetic energy.”

“Lucas? I want your babies.”

Lucas had to look away.

“General, you probably haven’t heard of kinetic bombs, but that’s the idea. No TNT involved, no nuclear energy involved.”

“Uh,” Dustin said.

“I know about the program. Will it work? Probably, but at what cost?”

“You have an alternative?”

“KMD, stands for Kinetic Mass Destruction. Have you ever heard of...”

“Tunguska,” El said.

“Exactly,” Max said, “I don’t want to get more math on you General, but the Manhattan Project can deliver *maybe* a fifteen Kiloton explosion.”

“So what was Tungsten?”

“Tunguska, it was fifteen *megatons* . Leveled twenty-five hundred kilometers of land in Russia, and something like eighty millions trees.”

“And that was a comet?”

“No, a meteor, similar to the one in Arizona, Barringer Meteor Crater. ”

“Don’t you need a big meteor for that?” Dustin said, he was interested to see where this was going.

“No. An object coming into the Earth at sixty-five thousand miles per

hour, if it's big enough, doesn't burn up as it comes screaming in. The dinosaur one... that was probably ten kilos across, one hundred million megatons. But... that gave me an idea."

"Shit. I know where this is going... but we can't use one that big, and... where the hell do you get it? *How* do you get it, and more importantly, how do you direct it." Dustin said.

Max smiled at him.

Dustin's eyes went wide, "KMD, you've already tested this?"

Max shrugged, "And it works."

"I thought you were working on dinosaur DMA?"

"DNA. No, it was a special project for the Nazi's. They had a lot of them. And I did it underground at the Hawkins lab. US Army knew nothing of it. If Mike and... El hadn't found and rescued me... well..."

XXXXXX

"It's done... and Max did a great job of deflecting Dustin's curiosity of how we did everything he wanted so quickly."

"Yeah," Mike said, holding El in his arms. "But the cost of human life... that country will never be the same. They literally didn't know what hit them."

"If you put your factories, and your labs, and your research facilities in civilian centers, and *then* push the world to ignore the civilian part of that. I'm sorry Mike, Hitler brought it on himself. Every dictator or despot will. It came down to Nazi hospitals or the American Way of

Life. Guess what won?"

"Yeah, that's a really shitty outlook."

"That's why we got out and went underground. Nobody can find us here Mike. I don't know about you, but I don't want to use my abilities for war again."

"Me either."

"Ok then. Let's don't. We won this war because we had three advantages. Only one of those will make it into the history books."

"You know they will call us back into service."

"If they can find us. And they better have a damn good reason."

"For war?"

"Yeah, good point."